

alone the good of others, and forgets himself in his zeal for their salvation, and not only lives a life of unselfish toil and sacrifice for others, but yields himself a willing sacrifice in death for his persecutors as well as his followers, even praying the Father to forgive them, pleading their ignorance as an excuse for their guilt, how much of credulity must it require to believe him an impostor.

My friends, what think ye of Christ? Do you think he was only a man? or does your faith lay hold on him as the Son of God? Has the belief ever entered your heart, that Jesus was not what he pretended to be, but that he was an impostor? Or has your faith laid hold on him as the Saviour of mankind, able to save to the uttermost all that come to him? Does your faith respond as Peter's did, in one wide sweeping confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God?"

Brethren and Sisters, what think ye of Christ? Is he sufficient for your salvation, the Beloved of your soul, Your All and in all, the One altogether lovely? Is your faith in him so deep and abiding that you can say with Paul, "I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have delivered unto him?" You have professed your faith in him; you have confessed him as your Saviour, and now have you studied the beauty, the purity, the holiness of his character? Have you tried to fathom the depths of his love, the vastness of his grace, the height of his mercy, the breadth of his justice?

O my friends, his is a character worth studying, his was a life worth imitating, his society worth cultivating. I would rather have been one of the followers of Jesus during his earthly ministry, seeing his miracles, hearing the words of sympathy, comfort and blessing that fell from his lips, leaning upon his breast, or sitting at his feet, witnessing his wonderful works of love and compassion, toward sinning, sorrowing, suffering humanity, than to have set upon the royal throne of the Caesars. And today I would rather stand here a loyal ambassador of Jesus Christ, praying you in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God than to sit on England's proud throne. I would rather stand

here proclaiming the glad tidings of Divine mercy, and love to sinning, dying man, pleading with sinners to accept Christ and his offered mercy, peace, pardon and salvation, than to wear Queen Victoria's crown. My ambition is fully satisfied as I stand before you, proudly owning him as my Saviour, confessing my faith in him as God's own Son, declaring my peace with God through his atonement, and my hope of heaven through his mediation. My happiness would be complete, if I could see this congregation stand up as a unit for Christ, each individual heart owning him as his Saviour, and claiming salvation through his death.

To every heart owning him and serving him, he is an abiding presence. That same Jesus who walked Judea's plains, who fed the hungry multitude, who restored to the widowed mother her only Son and to the sorrowing sisters their buried brother, who stilled the waves of the sea, and who wrapped his infinite and boundless love around his followers, is in our land today.

His loving words still echo in the hearts of his followers, his mercy is as infinite, his compassion as tender, his loving kindness as gracious, his love as fathomless as it was, when, a visible form he walked with men. If we would learn more of him we must dwell in his courts, if we would enjoy closer fellowship with him, we must oftener hold communion with him, if we would know more of his will concerning us, we must make a closer study of his word; if we would know more of his mind of the King we must dwell in his palace.

Sinners, what think ye of Christ? O unconverted man, unconverted woman, what think ye of Christ? Do you depend upon him for salvation or do you despise and reject him? If you had lived during his earthly ministry would you have accepted him as the Son of God, lovingly and loyally following him or would you have joined the angry multitude who cried "crucify him, crucify him?" Would you have stood on Calvary with those who mocked and denied Christ, when in the agonies of death? O, if the question had been asked you, as it was of the multitude then "Which will ye that I release unto you, Jesus which is called Christ or Barabbas?" would you have answered

as the Jews did? But my friends, wherein do you differ from those Jews? Have you not been rejecting him all these years? Have you not despised his offers of mercy and salvation? Have you not mocked him by your indifference to his gracious invitations to come to him for life eternal? In refusing to accept him as your Saviour, are you not crying like the multitude "Away with him, Away with him?" Have you not, again and again, by your refusal to accept him, reiterated their declaration, "We will not have this man to rule over us?"

O what think ye of Christ? Sinner, what think ye of the necessity of a Saviour? Don't you feel in your hearts a need of him, or does earth with its grovelling desires and vanities satisfy you? O, are you satisfied to live in sin to carry your burdens alone, and life is full of burdens, to weep your tears with no one to comfort, and life is full of tears, to bear your sorrows with no one to sympathize, and life is full of sorrows? O if you do not feel a need of Christ now, if you are satisfied to live without him, are you willing to die without him? Are you willing to pass through the dark valley and across the Jordan of death without him? Are you willing to face the Father at the judgment hour? Are you willing to stand before him at the judgment hour, with the rejected Christ at his right hand, and then answer the question from the lips of an offended and unreconciled God, "What think ye of Christ?" Remember that whosoever will not confess him before me, him will he not confess before his Father and the holy angels?"

God in his infinite mercy, bless and save you all.

The man who votes to sustain a wrong is helping the devil, whether he knows it or not.

The devil was more anxious to destroy Job's influence for good than he was to destroy his property.

Believe what a coward says, and he can prove to your satisfaction that he is the bravest man in the world.

God never calls anybody to a work that can be done with head and hands without any help from the heart.

Necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the father of lies also.